

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

“Krabo”

They say moon is the same for everyone
Streets are hostile or friendly
Nothing depends on your luck
You exist cause you're taught to be handy

And in such rhymes and meaninglessnesses
I watch my friends perceive the world
their family, spirit, room – they make
photographs of joyous faces
while watching weather reports
from the bottom of a supermarket cart
they produce the trash
they later consume
and shit in the evening
their next morning's bourgeois breakfasts

That's why I scream to the same old moon, or sing, or write
on tenement walls
“krabo”
the only word 'cept “samo”
I find powerful enough
to describe this toilet
called life
on Earth

“Poznan After Midnight”

I'm an actor turned hobo – deceitfully fat
on the wealth of the city – sending poems
to outer space on
train's smoke rings at midnight,
walking to the engine's high
pressure rhythm – that
sounds just like bop, if I were
educated enough to know it, though now I am,
only weaker – I grew tired,
tired of river bank lovers,
ancient chimneys and tenement stench,
weakened by the load of death
I witness every day
while passing side streets,
rural paths and railroad lines,
looking for a place, a trace, a lover –

but I'm tired of river lovers –
as I said before, I'm a hobo,
drunkard
murderer

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and a million worse things
than that – I'm older
than the streets
as you know them, and though
someone put a
stop sign in front of this body,
useless heap of autumn-smelling flesh,
I go on, dirty container
of blood that could save
lives
if it weren't contaminated with truth –

venomous drops
of fish jaw mornings
on coughed out sidewalks
force my phlegm
to form poems, if you call them that,
with bits of this blood,
the juice I call my own,
which will take me to knife
fights in the docks, for a woman,
a friend, whatever,
and everyone will die
on such morning, everything will end, there
will be no tombstones, mourners
or ceremonies –
tenement lights go down –

just the lonesome whistle of the first,
welcoming brightening docks
miles away, or last, train,
bidding the city adieu – with
its wealth and beggars
and traveling hobos
like me, me – who'll be
far away from death scene,
riding the lucky train,
laughing hungry with the heavens,
cause I'm thin, thin as newspapers
soaking in the slaughter
of an oyster morning
and last black and white cigarette
in Poznan after midnight.

“Main St. Occurrences” (a song)

In the cafe just nearby the corner
Where they got nothing but some dead ass jazz
And it goes heavy raining right up your spine
Like it had heroin legs

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*And there is nothing you can do about it
There is no one who would give a damn
And there is no one you can phone about it
The line is dead on the other end*

*But don't you worry ole brother crescent
And don't you worry ole sister ice
We got something crazy going on
Down at the Main tonight*

There's a bus stop just nearby the barmaid
There's a barmaid just nearby the fence
She shakes her body to that heavy metal rhythm
She shakes the money out of rich men's graves

You read her lips and she's saying "friend me"
Got dirty needles and eyes on Mars
You flush your poems and unwrap her candy
You think B-movies and a runaway car

But there's this bottle you will never finish
She takes her purse and she hits you in the head
Sure, there are feelings that just won't diminish
She called her buddies – they proclaimed you dead

Sick and tired of sitting lonely
In the sewer light of moon
Kick the gong and let it all go wrong
We lay our ladies on a rusty spoon

*And there is nothing you can do about it
The cigarillo and the smoky hand
And there is no one you can phone about it
There is no one who would give a damn*

"When the Dawn Got Drunk"

Why were you sleeping
when the dawn got drunk
on freezing vines of night
pouring through tenement fingers
stardust women
placing bets
on drooling horses
drawing attention to dust
of pistol wings
shooting over the city
alit & bare
suddenly sure it's leaking

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nightmares into the void
of cruel electric namesakes
shining on bars
leaving the proof
of existence
on ghastly store windows
mirrors to hooker faces
loser matchsticks
bum & writer's apathy
used to snails of midnight
creeping
over their work
why were you dreaming
when the dawn got stoned

“Last Words of a Famous Sailor”

Write faster than Dylan.
Thomas, of course.

How fast? How fast?

The young poet intents to grab the cloud,
moon,
a solitary smoker in the shadow
of the sun, whatever, whoever.

He will never succeed.
It's not a matter of pace.
It's not a matter of talent.
Who is it talking?

Does my head hurt so bad,
or was it just a suburban katzenjammer
for a well-fed burgeoning scumbag.

I intend to vomit.
On your desk, headmaster, preacher, politician, pig.
I intend to piss.
It was never my, or the young poet's,
intent to write.

Do it faster.
You're inefficient.

I tried to draw an elephant in my cupboard,
rhinos in a field of sunflowers,
smiling, bathing in the yellow nimbus
of whatever ambient music was playing around.

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Who put the tape in my recorder?
I wanted to make, not listen,
and act, not think, but schools changed that.
I was lucky.

The young poet grabs a cup of coffee
from my latest mistress
and chokes on blood.
Pretending survival.

I incorporate a manta
into my pot mandala
and float with it to kill the whale.

In its belly a solitary smoker
pretends he's on the street,
trying to grab the young poet
observing him from 2nd floor window.

Everything is hopeless, but the contestant
on a TV show said
amoeba is a defunct sailor.
Guess he was right, or was it the
acid I had for breakfast,
including young poet's urge to write.

Faster! Faster!
We can almost smell the streets
you were raised in on this time,
if you continue at this pace
and amount of detail
we'll publish your book in golden laurel leaves
all across the pages, and we're talking gold,
as in golden archways of heaven's dome,
but you've gotta use these words.

Heaven.
Dome.

At the edge of infinite quarrel,
my mistress yawns and polishes
her mirror. I am crazy.
So is the intent I had when younger,
so is the intent I'll have in my death bed.

Vomit.
Piss.
Or even shit.
Who?
What does it matter?

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“Be-Bop Cat in Tibetan Shoes” (rant)

Who told you that a white trash
typical suburban house
two almost classy expensive cars
your young beautiful children and wife
make you a better man than the most of us
who might con themselves into thinking you're the suburbs' king
laying flat in camera eyes
you get your satisfaction dosed
on a TV screen all night
ersatz ecstasy and love
speed-delivered to your door
but you keep your fortress clean
there's no blood upon your floor
and I wonder

What you're watching now are cheap, honey-dripping
fat, sweetened films on human strife
that you'll never feel yourself, as half the pain of being alive shown on screen
just knocks you down or pushes you deep into your comfortable chair
nought in a famous supermarket chain belonging to your neighbor
and partner in various escapades, ending at 4 A.M.
and I wonder

What you're family doesn't see,
in a brothel where you're spending most the time
high on cocaine, drenched in booze
with your bitches you keep calling divine
and though they recognize your face they will never ask your name
and you never ever touch them, cause you're strange to risky games
and I wonder

Who told you you're guided and the voices inside your head
are not the ones of a madman, but of a prophet
and visionary of trade drinking from a golden fountain
who gave you permission to deal with others
like they were pawns on an ivory chessboard
stolen from Africa a long time ago, before you were born
and I wonder

And who exactly told you this house is your shelter
it protects you from metaphorical winds and storms
and your cars would ride you far
into the farthest unknown
and that your children will continue
with your father's tradition of business
the alarm bells are always working
and I wonder

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Who made you think that god almighty in his wise decisions
will always agree with your plans and wash your guilty hands
when you're making dirty money or banging another
cheap whore near the crime scene
telling us life is short and sex obscene
producing more toys for the government guys
and I wonder

Who cares bout your cross, your pretty white face
or your suit which makes you look like you were paralyzed
the killer of Indians you are undercover
your skin will never be forgiven for wearing that innocent color
and history will never forget your kind
so please go ahead and change your mind
your doctors will gladly help
while you're paying policemen and the mob to keep you safe in the daylight
lawyers to answer for murder like it was never committed
you clean-cut kid from the ghetto streets
and I wonder

Who made you think that you're always right
and the young ones are always wrong
while they're making intended mistakes
just to prove you've never made one
and you always join in when the show is over
waiting in the wings while your part is played
you only harvest the profits, baby
and you act like you just got laid
when the losers are licking the wine from your floors
all the go-go girls wanna give you head
and dead are piled in mounds by your door
where ghosts of the pilgrims fear to tread
the times are hard you say and smile
keeping blinders down for all your life
and you're off to town, you buy a perfect suit
for your young and beautiful wife
don't you know she's deep into women
into working class ethos too
don't you know she's supporting the children
learning in your neighbor's school
and I wonder

Who told you that pieces of yesterday's triumph
come into no puzzled end
but collect themselves and form a puzzle
which wins your content in future heavens
right there, under god's undemanding wings
the good man you were and the family you had
the kids you raised, the values you fought for, always protected and cherished
you're better than us in terms of the bullshit you're soaked with

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taken in as truth, easier to live without a burden
we're losers of wasted occasions
gathering bruises on sidewalk plethora of puked out stars
where no sane man comes near after midnight
our midnight hours are made of regret
so who's the liar and winner
who's the terrible child
and I wonder

What makes you think you'll be saved in the end
are you sure that these glimmering lights you're seeing
are your long lost friends
coming to take you away
straight to spirit land
the dummy you were, the dealer of dreams
pushing your stuff at life's holy threshold
you never cared for be-bop cats, reefer men or drunk stoned fairies like me
the striking beauty of our women, dressed in nothing but Tibetan shoes
you've done all to neglect, deny and bury alive
so who do you think you are in the books of salvation and sutras of our heart
when the time comes around and the time's just right for your judgment
were these shoes bought in a supermarket
and I wonder...

“Beatnicks w/ Parachutes”

Rust
gives rivers
brand new names
dust
shelves people
and their stain
rivers
flow
w/ brand new friends
women
love their
ramblin' men

Drinkin' w/ the dawn out of lady fortune's shoe
waiting for beatnicks w/ parachutes

Landing zone
& who'd predict
wonders
that the fool depicts
angry
art
was heaven sent
angel

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screams
his compliments

Drinkin' w/ the dawn out of lady fortune's shoe
waiting for beatniks w/ parachutes

"Bone Yoke"

Seeds were already there.
Fishes were swimming round,
in sterile bowls of solitude,
like plastic christs
on judgment day, falling from the seller's
leper box.
One for a penny!

You remember dogs
chewing on chink bones,
music boxes swinging
moog versions of rock'n'roll standards,
flowers incubating in tar.

Correct the wavelength.
You are obviously sleeping
on a rag of tiger eyes,
sewn together they watch the sunset.
I remember winter.
Is it of importance,
what you remember?

Jobless motors of progress
wish they were nothings and zeroes,
but it is them to play the heroes
when cameras come around on Sunday.

Virus fingers type the void word.
It is one word.

What do you carry – the clever martyrs
were levitating a long time ago,
and plastic christs aren't the first
totems to fall – fuel
that'll ignite the fire,
of what you call an apocalypse, revelation...
who could predict the
outcome of such meeting?

You were painting your women,
I was writing mine,
somebody told me our spirits might rhyme –

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of course, I never wrote this song,
though this chorus remained
for a long time tucked
in one of my notebooks,
with an accompanying note saying “slaughter”,
and a phone number.

I’m not sure who slaughtered who,
or what slaughter was discussed,
or who went to what slaughter,
it only reminded me of Indians,
people of the Maya, Inca,
all the space-thrown tribes of earthdawn.

And I recalled their words of bone yoke.

Bone.
Yoke.
What do you carry?
I am a tribal portrait.
Complete with wristwatch chains.

“Small Talk at Bukowska and Libelta” (a song)

When you’re innocent and small you don’t care about the time
You just watch the big fish walk with a Buddha kind of smile
And he leads you to his bar and he shows you picture frames
Saying you will hang in those, poor musician boy, one day
And you say it’s not my dream, oh but boy, it’ll soon be true
You’ll be smiling just like me doing things that rich men do

*Selling small talk everywhere, you’ll be spreading it like smog
Living in the banker’s shade, dying in the beggar’s fog
And you’ll do it many times, entertainment has its price
See the sniper has been paid, ain’t no time for being nice*

See you’re cold in front of girls and you’re hot for all the boys
That’s the way it’s gotta be, let us mix up all the toys
Since their minds get all confused and their bodies overheat
We will drop the bombs of sound on a million hands and feet
Let them dance to melodies, once old-fashioned now on top
You’ll be driving them insane with your make up and your bop

When you’re big, depressed and used, isolated from the crowds
That once fueled your inner beasts, that could force them go outside
And you’re changing hotel rooms, but you can’t get rid of friends
Stealing energy from you, saying they wanna kiss your hands
When it’s gotten way too far for an old man to control
Better lay down all the weapons, better call it quits and crawl

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Now let others spread the smog, spread their words of broken fame
Draw illusions, read their news, hanging in their picture frames
Thinking that the world belongs to a creature of their kind
Calls itself our president, sucking up his servant minds
It's beyond our streets and names, it's no business here at all
When we're dumber than our bitch, let show-business take control

“The Young and the Hip”

The young and the hip give thanks
to bungalow hosts
party pigs
lipstick leather belts
vomiting dawn on the world
reaching out
for another bottle of whisky
give thanks
to the wind that shakes fragile bodies
exposed to sun and moon
writing in tribal riddles
dressing in contours of sleep
furious, young
emblazoned
setting sails on sundown
drifting with sunrise, hooray!
screams of birds impale us
pirates execute us
sing us songs
written back when
the world was fourteen
give thanks
to the idol totem
thin on the TV screen
high on milk and vegetable shakes
when we were drunk on beer
cheap intents
& guardians
give thanks
cause we were there
for them

“Cotton Railway Blues”

I thought of a ride this morning,
I was muttering through
Pisces horoscope, she was
naked on the bed beside
me – we had good sex
and talked nice, I thought of a church
choir accompanying these words,

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if they would rhyme,
they'd be perfect gospel,
and I thought of the laughing priest
who's done my exercise today,
over an empty page,
or with an arthouse camera,
stunned by the ripple in
death bearing heaven – I thought
it was going to rain – and if
I were a bluesman, I'd surely
sing today,
these words could work well with harmonicas jiving,
or a bop song,
with crazy weird pianos
banging on a drumground of coke –
I thought of that
and a French maid
I'd take with me to the railway,
we'd work on the Pasadena rhythm,
I thought of her lashes,
then of the trees in the
garden – what garden, asked the priest,
and in doubts his debts were paid,
no longer he needed
supporting the skies,
falling in flame anyway,
on the day I was picking cotton –
black gold picking for
white trash,
there in the orange container,
drawn away from my thoughts.
At last.
Now here's the big moment, whole world
wants to listen – trouble is,
I've got nothing to say but rubbish,
rubbish I found while drunk or rubbish
I wrote on a freight train.

“Take Us From The Man” (a song)

We never thought that we'd end up dead
In a cheap motel where you lose your head
Had no idea of all the dangers where
Secret beggars roam wild river banks
And we went there looking for another thrill
Saw a whole new world where you pay no bills
Where you stay yourself but you beg to die
When the sun is blinding your bloodshot eyes

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*Take us from our eyes
Take us from our hands
Save us from our lies
And take us from the man*

We met the man on Dolphin Avenue
Had a toothpick in his mouth and a bag of blues
He smiled and said you've no idea
I've been looking for you all eternally
Where the stairs are pissed and the houses fall
Where you die before you learn to walk
There's a many pleasure for a broken man
Here's a shot for you, let me see your hands

He had all the drugs we would like to try
He was black as clouds on a stormy night
We were green like kids from a Catholic home
We were hanging round forbidden stores
Just a-looking for kicks and games to play
Well we found him there in the dirty air
And he said he'd change our bottled life
First little taste is always on the house

We stuck around for hours feeling dead and dry
He said it's just beginning, don't you waste that high
Look around the city ain't it brighter when
That heroin is working like a deadening friend
Nothing else is better than this sweet, sweet taste
Grow up dying bitter in this concrete waste
Now here's a better choice, I tell you son
Shoot it once again, let it worry you none

You finally feel alive and you got no jams
Finally feel the street as she's spreading her fan
Covering the city and sheltering you
Your fresh little friend gonna stick like glue
Everywhere you look and everything you do
Got her on your mind, like the wind that blew
She's forever with you, you're forever free
Just a city kid, but now you got the scene

“Bukowska & Libelta (1)”

Negro rhythm? Indian rhythm?
what are they doing in Poznan?
Polish rhythm?
Dock the rhythm
with the barges
French? Spanish?
Mix the language

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with the stone
trombones
of our forefathers
space mothers
chalk sisters
coal brothers
What frame? And which
genius painting
needs one?
it is spread around
a few quarters
here, on the door,
there, on the wall
it's sprayed from Bukowska to Libelta
like small talk
in the pubs and bars
around
in everything we inhabit
we are lucky to have such artists
Art? Art brut? What art? Why
art – and question me no more
for I won't paint again
until rebirth
maybe then I'll dip the brush
in small talk, brave talk,
slave talk – iconic volumes
of cave talk
and I'll try to conceive a new world
outside of the page
but now I'm younger
than mad talk
and I qualify for milkshakes
at Wanda's – nothing really special about them
only sometimes old sailors come in
and let me drink whisky
in her, I hear the rhythms
and paper knows no limit, like sky or brain
it's clear, except for cloudy voices
you best learn to ignore: this is small talk
tycoons of death
their hands already upon you
way back from the cradle

“Hep Chord”

First bass note, numb, falls above
the landscape of cymbals,
walls are erected at instant,
of freshly painted faces
in war colors – death colors –

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pain colors,
fervently aware and
improvised on the surface of
moonlit stairs,
circling down the theater,
and the audience is ready to listen,
poets are ready to write
down the night,
scent of burnt potatoes,
Joe's grandma cooks above,
if they have any smell,
that's the smell of this ongoing black,
the black on Michael's lips,
the untold tale he yet has to offer,
on the altar of sleeplessness angel,

vivid break in character,
off goes the drum.
Shy solos follow.
Was it a trumpet?
Was anything "sounding",
"pounding", "pumping",
or "screaming" – are screams
necessary now, when they've become
weapons of the mainstream,
once silent in ignorance,
now shouting against the flowers –

and I'm speaking of wildwood flowers,
bare before the wolf's teeth,
and the wolf in Isabel's song
was a rapist, nothing more,
for she needed to be fucked right away.

We're hanging, can't you see that?
Hanging from the cliff of
compulsory shells,
naked to the wonder of creation,
waiting for sound, but the first bass note
is hovering, hovering still, and nothing
really happens except the shy presence
of piano and gentle waves of a trumpet,
fueled by the warmth of
a negro's hand – a rare sight
to see here – I shook it backstage,
later on, and asked "what the hell
were you doing?"
"Shit, man... was just waiting for
the hep chord".

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“Age of Behavior (1984)”

We’ve been waiting so long... first there was “Hair”, “Easy Rider”, British Tribal Music,
Stonehenge Free Festivals
thru 1984, collective anarchy, extraterrestrial trippers on Planet X joining the band, The
Druids, laughing with serene, complete worlds, a universe of sounds... real poems were
written there, but we kept no copies. Books of the road were completed, but never published,
and photographs were taken, but not of the people and places... voids of light appeared
instead, and our Wiccan girlfriends went looking for ghosts. We’ve been waiting so long...
first there was Blake, Rimbaud, Ginsberg, Daniel Johnston... we’ve kept memories on
cassettes, we were not afraid of our feelings. We were not cornered. Manipulated. Castrated.
Neglected. Punished. Vomited on asylum walls. It was an analog world of freedom, now
turned digital, worthless... we can’t remember what really came first. Vague memories of Eve
and the Tree, and of Sin, imposed by the Black Gowns marching...

“Transitory Period (2012)”

We’re entering the Age of Innocence again
full circle, back from the Age of Behavior (it’ll happen soon, mark my words – there are
solitary prophets already screening out
the 2012 apocalypse, when the nurses can’t hear... "poles will evolve and we'll finally find
Atlantis in Antarctica")

no longer caged, exposed to camera eyes, sold
reproduced, marketed, pigeonholed, published
sewn shut, priced, licensed, registered, logged in,
checking our e-mail, updating our relationship status,
playing our favorite games... what will we do?
naked, not serving, served, labeled, measured, thrown against
a muesli wall, spitting out our useless teeth, old men
on diet cocktails, without a homepage, without a nick,
without connection, not sending poems
becoming hermits again, learning to be a true writer
not blog user, community portal’s favorite pet “poet”
online magazine hero... now sitting alone
in a freezing December apartment, no water, no light, no heating,
no way to cook meals, no way to make coffee...
only matches work – but there are no more books to burn
except one and I’d never burn “The Prophet”
nowhere to buy. nowhere to go.
Our supermarket churches have been already
plundered, if not, they’re being right now...
and you won’t leave them without leaving traces
of your priceless, humanitarian blood.
We’re Hunters again, blind, obese,
limbless, shaking... trouble is, we can’t hunt
unless it’s for cheap, imported products
away from corporations of thought, of manner,
realms of fake virus speech, assault on Spirit, battery on Body
demented one-night prophets, disease of friendless laptops:
into them hunchback figures type common doggerel, like me

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repeating after lucky men, trapped in one-inch cells
of armadillo skin, away on a Buddhist peak
online forever, forever miserable fucks, logging into
simple, electronic lives, playing someone we'll never be
saving our sick kid idyll, finding android wives,
our only excess hard porn pay sites...
forgetting what's Human, leaning onto
your mechanical crutches - blinking red/green lights,
full of mp3's you'll never listen to,
e-books you'll never read – too much data, sensory overload,
megabits of useless music, literature, art... pictures deformed,
pixel pandemonium – cell phone photos deconstructed
look, you're ten pounds thinner on screen, look, you have no flaws
of identity anymore... perfect model...
I'd really like to meet you without disappointment,
complications and affection, obscene scents of sweat,
body fluids... just send me more pictures - I can write
poems from them, it's gonna be beautiful...
we're never Poets – mutilated carnivores in hairshirts
instead, worst illusionists ever, bit-nick clowns,
masked marauders on Google altars, drinking from
corporate sources of doubtful knowledge,
not reading real books anymore
stuck deep in a pilgrimage of safe entertainment
where's dancing on ropes, walking on ice,
breathing in fumes of the city... what will you do
when all computers go silent? What will you do
when electricity fails. What will you print out,
not even confusion, repeat, confusion
can be your epitaph – your real scrapbooks are empty...
that is, if you've got any left... me, I got this one - it's now
sacred... you can't remember handwriting, you can't play
acoustic guitar - all you ever had was a \$13000 Gibson,
just to hang it on your post-modern wall...
can't write songs - the music software doesn't work...
you haven't written a real chord on paper
in ages - you relied on these cool flawless beats...
anonymous e-mails wrote all your lyrics...
sad, but I'm bored with illusion. Lady Madonna, feed me raw
reality, gray post-socialistic high-rise blocks
embrace my poor mentality
push me into dealing words again
push me into sheer songwriting, cut to the bone
primal magic of bonfire chant
I could never sell crack, Slovenian women or stolen cars.
I'm not that kind of guy
Thank God I'm safe in Poland with Roky's "Openers",
my old ragged Fender acoustic, my scrapbooks and my Mind –
anyway, fuck that, too late for nice guys.
All machines are silent. Cities, now darkened arenas of unbelievable

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Roman monstrosity. Weapons disarmed. Governments dismembered.
If we were a true society of Peace, this would mean
a peaceful revolution... a paramechanical world at last...
But in this culture of death - no longer restrained,
no more blinds of control - it's gonna be a fucking slaughter.
No music, no light, no poetry. TV reality's over.
Online reality's over. Nobody's printing out papers.
Deafening silence of Truth.
Fall of Men exposed.
And this time, it's real. We've done it ourselves.
It's not prophetic mumbo-jumbo
repeat - it's not prophetic
We've had five years in 1972, I say thank you, Ziggy, for giving us the chance

“Age of Innocence (1983)”

Murderers reign the family roads, martyrs crowd the clouds, digital children circle, aimless, in
ruins of silicone faith. No cellophane, iPods, laptops. Global village makes room for the Jesus
of Joy, not the Serious Savior. Dolciono, Bokonon, Bernardone and Eon, innocent, walking
together through burning valleys of corpses – flesh, once again, turned to smoke, liberated
above the sunset. Everything's comic up here, this earth is finally free from your thought,
your passion for form and meaning, divisions, revisions, anal sex culture. “Celebrities” are
gone, fortunes are common, cities tremble like grass on the wind... Elohi rise again.
New music is being composed, golden books are written.
No connection to Mammon.

“Of That Spanish Summer”

I tracked lizards
was looking for a girl
in the most heinous neighborhoods
feeding the mind cinema
w/ LSD-ridden sky
Negro rhythms of the night
rows of French exiles
& gunshots at about four in the morning
I was hoping to make a film
capture your soul
in aluminum boxes
along with the souls of women
I only passed before

Running, headed for the theater
I didn't want to be late
for the last performance
& death
I sat down & screamed with others
when the world was burning,
in hero & heroine
I saw myself

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

w/ two minor bombitas
I only met later
meanwhile
the director yelled “cut”
she stopped kissing my throat
& the rest of the audience
obediently fell asleep
I watched the
hungry subsequent experience
when onto the scene came a young brave Negro
“I’m sailor in here”, he said,
“& I decide
when to stop the sun
I have the power
I can do it”

Lion's claw cut
the severe theater curtain
the scene turned into a circus
full of bleeding Christians
we filmed this performance
w/ martini glasses from above
gazing upon the lion
hungry for poor blood
anyone who prays in this hour
receives the value of art
those on their knees are not welcome
teeth of death
only bid farewell
the enamous life
we recognized gladiators
called to tame the beast
& she, now meek, licked their hands
bending before the force of the sword
based on human flesh, died
w/ a phallic element
again, they saved the world
& the audience went home hungry
just as the director intended
for more virginious blood
The motorway was full
of suicidal deer
w/ sad, human eyes
stopping just before the hood
to steal from us the last look
night choked storm
I saw faint flashes of lightning
in time to bright up the horizon
mountains moved
an oak tree marched

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

I saw all the flavors
of night sky
I tasted all of the colors
I've lost thousands of rows
I found thousands of women
waiting
wishing
for deflowered guitar strings
staring at the last, silent
signals at night
seeking to find no lovers

I sat on the beach
like other kids
butchering dreams
because that's what fate taught us
but I, unlike them,
was accompanied by Greek busts buried in the sand
& true to coyotes
looking up from the dunes
for potential meals
singing out loud
for everything that happened to the planet
passing on knowledge
older than human worlds
interacting w/ Indian gods
& the Greek idea of theater
the mating of cruelty & sadness
hooking together in the embrace of
hungry nights & crackpot parades
finally, letting the city take over
free people howl
drunk dog blues
& every morning will be feasts
universal, in the shy mind
so swore the animals
& the rest of the kids
my love, she smoked a costly pipe
& fucked like a nun

I read too much poetry
& the fate of lovers always amazed me
intrigued by the word
not intended for my eyes
loaded too early w/ sex
& power
you hastily draw a conclusion:
perhaps this is why
& how I drink whiskey
like a bearded, swollen old man

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

being just a kid
w/ the wind in long hair
listening carefully to the blues
& old rock and roll that I cannot
remember – maybe that's why they call
me hippie, but the philosophy of LSD
is strange to me – I prefer cactus and Indian spirits
to the eternal spiral of incarnations
we get into – even logical spiders
fail there – where there is no ego
& whiskey has not yet been invented
it would be a world for my little woman
who still don't believe in death
I go to sleep before midnight
she'd like this hell
about which
she was only previously reading

I inhaled the theater
its magic inspires
when spectators become actors
performance driven players
towards the abyss of hell, under the stage
where prompter override issues
giggling, makes fun of the director
nestled in a comfortable, warm seat
when demons crowd the stage
I pull the audience into the dance
selling souls for a few pesos
becoming involuntarily
part of the presentation
they will go home changed
I will never return to their faces
the prompter slowly peeps behind the scenes
releasing the ultimate beast
raw animalistic totem
which every white man fears
time – I watched it all
I carefully ran through the notes

I wrote scenarios like crazy
had to write them for a hundred flicks
just to find out
that it is best to shoot'em without scenarios
this was the first discovery of freedom in mind
after returning from the bound word cinema
I wrote poems, as a simpler form of art
I gave half of them away in the movies
(if only the director
kept the camera eye on the industry

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

w/ appropriate doses of peyote)
so, I'm finished with rows
I sat me down in a cell
after writing hundreds of blues songs
I burped, drawled at dawn
reached for another beer
noting that it is for nothing
but ingesting the cream of stinking drunkenness
& the attic where I live
has never been shaved, like me
lurking in the bathroom mirror
about 20 years later
I bought a guitar
I went to the movies again
"Learn to play", I thought
& then I'll write the world

I soaked w/ Spanish dawn like a whirligig
moved in circles through the streets
pursued by dogs
I danced w/ whores
taking them back from pimps
at the risk of a knife in back
every endless night
cutting off the head
of uncovered body ground
leaving it on a wet highway
it was life
focused Spanish summer
cruel film lens
drug bastion
when the children were singing about flowers
lancets digging in the brain
roadside philosophers
homeless angels
pending at the same streets
what am I, just confused
drunken old me
waiting for a taxi or police car
bloody dew rained south
when the sun rose
in the silent movie around the corner
I drank beer
I wrote this poem
& they jumped on the train
directly from the screen which has entered the station
taking passengers back
to the 30s, where real manly heroes
died and fought for real women
it was a place for angels

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

I had to stay here
watch your bottle
listening to the rain outside

Who first set up the tents
for the migratory tribes of night
cried the holiness of heaven
I spat tobacco
sacred blood barricades
which none of the living poets
dared to touch, even w/ a word
who built the first targets
for proud and noble horses
slit their throats, & thrust
meat to the graves
Indians are not the only blueprint
but their spirits
sing the loudest
& the whole planet is a reserve:
all the cities, the objectives of conscience
& there's so many stones, & many
grains of sand
to throw away at beggars
claiming to be kings
this is Spain
the cult of the conquered, her legs spread apart
they invite me in
if you take this offer, shut the cell well
I rarely see the light now
cities of which I sing
I lose my angels,
I begin to pray for fools
if you refuse to be put up on prey
exhibitions shop
I'll change in for the Indian dummy
praising
the latest tomahawk model
w/ a large wooden dick
protruding from biker pants

Been convinced
that when I get to meditate on it all
it'll make a good traveling & lots of dreaming
through castles of Spain, Parisian neighborhoods
pleasures, candelabra port of Amsterdam
but the sea dragged me elsewhere
that summer, the waves lifted me to Africa
cast twixt soul raptors
distributed the bones of elephant charmers
do not save letters, which in panic

SMALL TALK AT BUKOWSKA AND LIBELTA: A spirit in Poznan.

I've sent to Europe, before the night for good
changed my body into tininess
so, I made me a myth
& death, the queen of the world
fawned upon me like a lioness
licking the wine clean from the throne
staring into starry chariots
which from Orient balms outlined my eyes
convinced that her fate chose me
& my flesh is the blood
of arsenic museums
after which all theater attendants will rest in the sun
killing flies and choking on sperm
admiring videos
that were laid there like eggs
fishy, cruel
& fashionable

The young, ungrateful Negro sailed on
via party lights, neon-tempted
lands of the gods, excitement driven him far
signals passing ships
staring at giant sails
the molten moon, distant nurseries,
schools, prisons, galleys of dead dreams
he thought, "So my friend works the night", & he/me, & the queen of the world, in laughter,
hitch to the shore
of the next malicious city.